$1.50 " year

DECEMBER, 1947

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Let Christmas not become a thing
Merely of merchants' trafficking,

Of tinsel, bell and holly wreath
And surface pleasure, but beneath

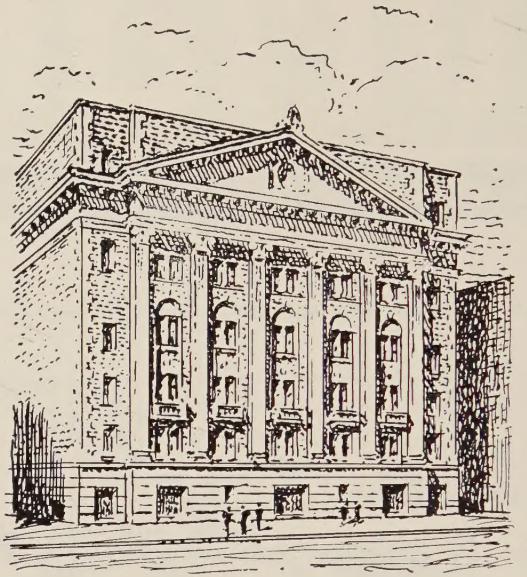
The childish glamor let us find
Nourishment for soul and mind.

Let us follow kinder ways
Through our teeming human maze

And help the age of peace to come
From a dreamer's martyrdom.

Madeline Morse

(From "Poems for Special Days and Occasions,"
compiled by Thomas Curtis Clark.)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXIV **December, 1947** *Number 9*

Our Christmas Greeting!

December 1, 1947

Dear Friends:

The heart-time of the year is here. Wherever love has its habitation there is Christmas. Hearts are softened when Christmas comes and it is always harder to hate in the Yuletide. Forgotten friends suddenly are remembered and tears spring without shame when old memories are awakened. In all the long, long year it is the one time when even the wisest and the most invulnerable admit the beauty of true sentiment, without fear of becoming merely sentimental.

We are certain this old, old world needs nothing quite so much as the ability to make Christmas last. Think what it would mean if love, unselfishness, devotion, gladness, music, starlit nights, angel voices and shepherd hearts would have their way in the world!

Will you kindly accept this letter from us as a personal greeting of appreciation and gratitude for all you have meant to us and the church during the year? We wish we could tell each one of you personally how grateful we are for your cooperation, your loyalty and your help, and we send to you our deepest wish that the year ahead may be the finest year you and yours, our church, our country and the world has ever known.

Your friends,

Preston and Grace Bradley

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Rd.

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD) . . . 11:00 a.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (Not Broadcast) . . . . . 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL in Anderson Hall . . . . . 9:30 a.m.

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES . . . . . 8:00 p.m.

* * *

DECEMBER BOOKS

December 3—"MARRIAGE IS ON TRIAL"—Judge John A. Sbarbaro

December 10—"A STUDY OF HISTORY"—Arnold J. Toynbee

December 17—"HUMAN DESTINY"—Lecomte Du Nouy

December 24—NO BOOK LECTURE

December 31—NO BOOK LECTURE—WATCH NIGHT SERVICE 11 p.m. to Midnight

* * *

HEAR DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCASTS

WGN—Every night, Monday through Friday, 6 p.m.

WJJD—Every Sunday from 11 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

* * *

CHURCH PUBLICATIONS

"THE LIBERALIST"—a monthly magazine, published the first of each month. Twelve-months' subscription, $1; single copies, 15c.

"THE DIAL"—a monthly church paper, published the fifteenth of each month. Twelve-months' subscription, 50c; single copies, 5c.

Christmas Season

in the

Peoples Church

Monday afternoon, December 15th at 1:00 o'clock, Anderson Hall

The Woman's Club—Christmas Party—Program of Christmas Carols, Children's Civic Chorus, Max Oberndorfer, Director; Mrs. George P. Hettinger, Chairman; Mrs. James Coughlin, assisting. Mrs. Jacob J. Tolk, Hostess.

Tuesday evening, December 16th, 8 o'clock, Anderson Hall

Professional and Business Woman's Club—J. Bradley-Griffin, presenting "An Intimate Evening from My Scrapbook of Memories." Refreshments—Open Meeting—Public Welcome.

Wednesday evening, December 17th, 8 o'clock—Church Auditorium

Dr. Preston Bradley's Book Lecture—"Human Destiny" by Lecomte Du Nouy.

Thursday evening, December 18th, Curtain 8:30 at Eleventh Street Theatre

The Uptown Players, presenting "The Hasty Heart" under the direction of J. Bradley-Griffin—62 E. 11th St.

Friday evening, December 19th, at 7:30 o'clock, Anderson Hall

The Church School—Christmas Party—Christmas Play, "Where Was Santa," by Paynter and Grant-Schaefer, and directed by Mrs. Harriet Kelley, assisted by Miss Beth Kelley. Santa will appear with gifts for all. Everyone invited.

Saturday evening, December 20th, Curtain 8:30, at Eleventh Street Theatre

The Uptown Players, presenting "The Hasty Heart" under the direction of J. Bradley-Griffin—62 E. 11th St.

Sunday, December 21st, 11 a.m. Dr. Bradley's Christmas Sunday Sermon

Sunday evening, December 21st, 7:30 o'clock, Annual Candle Light Service by members of the Church School and Christmas Play, "The Alien Star," by Frances and Rockwell Smith, presented by The Uptown Players, under the direction of J. Bradley-Griffin.

Monday evening, December 22nd, 8:00 o'clock, Annual Candle Light Service and Christmas Play repeated—in the Auditorium of the Peoples Church.

Christmas morning, Thursday, December 25th, at 11 o'clock, Annual Christmas Day Service

Sunday, December 28th, Sunday morning service—11 a.m. Sunday evening service—7:30 p.m.

New Year's Eve, Wednesday, December 31st, Annual Watch Night Service, 11 p.m. till midnight.

"TRY GIVING YOURSELF AWAY"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago

October 19, 1947

I HAVE been using the sermons on these Sunday mornings talking about simple, homely truths that I think are applicable in helping us to meet the daily tasks of living. I have not desired to introduce into the Sunday morning sermons the hectic character, the upheaval, the consternation, the uncertainty and insecurity, the frustration, the disillusionment, and all these other factors that you and I have to live with all the rest of the week. They scream at us from the headlines of the newspapers, we hear them in the raucous voices of the radio, we meet them in the anxiety of our conversations with our friends as we go along the way during the week, until our souls and our minds become saturated with the hectic character of the hour in which you and I live. I thought there ought to be a place in this whole blessed week, and there ought to be a time in which we could rid ourselves of these things. I don't want to avoid their influence or effect upon us, that is not the idea at all, but there ought to be a little oasis, a little hour, a little time, in the whole week in which we could just amalgamate ourselves together and attempt to find a common interest which will enable us, as we pick up the burdens and responsibilities of the workaday world on Monday morning, to meet these responsibilities a little more adequately. That's what I have been trying to do. I don't know as you can call them sermons at all for they are more like confidential talks out of my own heart and experiences. Perhaps that is the best kind of a sermon.

A lady went out of the Church a few Sundays ago, so an usher told me, and as she reached the lobby she said, "I am never going into that church again!" The usher who heard her was very gracious and said to her, "I am sorry, did something happen?" "A lot happened. That preacher preached religion as tho it was as good for the Methodists as for the Baptists. I am a Baptist!" She had missed the point entirely; she did not get it at all. So, I have not been trying to talk about denominational labels. I don't care anything about them. The longer I live in this kind of a world the less I am concerned about religious labels that people put upon themselves. I am not interested in denominations any more. I am not interested in religious labels and I don't get excited about baptism, or the 42nd blessing, or where heaven is, or how big it is; I am not primarily interested in those things any more. We have a world upon our hands that is smashing and breaking and if we live thru the next five years you and I will live thru probably the most dramatic five years in the history of civilization itself! In the next five years great things are going to happen in this world. You wait for November and December and you will go back to these words of mine this morning. More dramatic, intense, climactic events are going to take place in these next few weeks and months than you and I have ever known. Rest assured of that, and you will go back to these moments right in the midst of these events.

What time have we to argue about denominational labels, or whether or how we are going to be baptized? What

have we got to argue about? We have got to find fortification in human living —we have got to do that, and that is why I try to make these things practical.

We are in the business of living life in the most treacherous hour of human history and we have to face it and meet this challenge, and we must do it by inner fortification and spiritual reality.

I wonder if there is anyone in this congregation who remembers David Swing? David Swing was a graduate of Oxford University at Miami, a Phi Delta Kappa, he was a classical scholar, a Platonist, a minister, and he came to Chicago and became the pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church. It was not at its present location. Dr. Swing was one of the finest minds that ever stood in a Chicago pulpit; he had an adventuresome, classic mind, grounded in the great traditions of scholarship and humanity, and he was a little liberal for some of our Presbyterian brethren—a little liberal. So the presbytery tried him for heresy and they brought Dr. Patton to be the prosecuting attorney in that trial. I read recently the report of that trial. The result of it was that he was put out of that church pulpit, and there went into the world without a church, but with a denomination, David Swing. Fifty businessmen of the City of Chicago, the finest men in our city, gave $1,000 apiece and they founded Central Church of Chicago. Fifty men gave $50,000.00 and they went to hold their services in Central Music Hall that stood where Marshall Field's retail store now stands—Central Music Hall. There, Sunday after Sunday, the great David Swing with his fine mind stood and preached to one of the greatest congregations in all America, and everybody of every creed and faith and race would come to hear him preach, even Robert G. Ingersoll, who lectured on the same platform on Monday evenings, would sit in Central Music Hall on Sunday mornings to hear Dr. Swing. Robert Ingersoll said once, when someone said to him, "You don't believe what David Swing says, do you?" Said Ingersoll, "I don't agree with him in his theology at all, but I go to hear him preach. You know, if some members of the Chicago Presbytery had been at the burning of Cervantes who was a great liberal burned at the stake, some of those men would have parted their coat tails to keep warm from the flames, but David Swing would have put out the fire with his tears." That's religion. I never go to Rosehill Cemetery, as I do two or three times a week, but what I stand at the grave of David Swing who is buried opposite the chapel. On his grave is a stone with the inscription: "David Swing, preacher, philosopher, friend." That is his monument. And there he had that great ministry at Central Music Hall until, as he was preparing for his sermon one morning, a Labor Day sermon, it was the end, he died. Then the great Central Church started looking around for a minister, and there was a young man, six feet tall, with black hair and swarthy, who had all the eloquence and mastery of a great pulpit orator, Frank W. Gunsaulus. And after Dr. Dwight Hillis was called to Brooklyn, Dr. Gunsaulus went to Central Church as successor to Dr. Hillis, and this great, powerful personality, Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, was there for nineteen years. Just think of it, the other day I was speaking to a group of High school students in a forum in Chicago and I asked them how many remembered Dr. Gunsaulus; I said "does that name mean anything to you? Please raise your hand, if there is a student here who remembers." Not a boy or a girl had ever heard of Dr. Gunsaulus. These voices of great preachers, personalities who have

meant so much to the inspiration of people of days past, within a generation the voice is forgotten; they haven't even heard of them. Just as there are people in this fine congregation this morning who never heard of David Swing; the name does not mean a thing to you. It is one of the tragedies of life, I think, in a way.

I was with Dr. Gunsaulus on the Monday before his death; he died on Wednesday. He was my friend and inspired and helped me greatly in the early years of my ministry, and after the death of Dr. Gunsaulus they called a poet preacher from a Lutheran Church, the Reverend Frederick Shannon. In the meantime they had moved from Orchestra Hall into the Studebaker Theater. After Dr. Shannon's death they called that socially-minded Harold Ruopp. He has resigned and left he pulpit of that church. And now here is a paradox. Where did Central Church go for a minister to serve them n the interim? Back to the Fourth Presbyterian Church! And the interim minister of Central Church today is that great heart, a friend of mine whom I admire and esteem, Doctor John Timothy Stone, who served in the very pulpit of the Church in which they said years before David Swing could not preach, and now that Church calls to its pulpit the pastor of the very Church that David Swing came from. Interesting, isn't it? I like it. I think it is beautiful. If the Christian churches that argue, fight, attack and criticize men because of their theology, had pooled their vitality, their dollars, their money, into one great effort to bring the Kingdom of God here and now to human society, do you think we would be in the mess we are now in in this world and in this nation? Of course we would not!

That brings me back to the point that we must find a way to get a restoration of our values so that we can get hold of life. That is important. A religion that is only concerned with what happens to one after death, to save a soul for heaven, is an inadequate religion in an age like this and we must find a religion that will go out into the highways, the business marts and the workaday world where men and women are fearful and afraid of tomorrow and almost afraid to open up tomorrow's newspaper because of the tragedy! That is why I have been making these Sunday morning talks as helpful as I could; that is why I selected the one today.

I want everybody hearing my voice now to find time tomorrow, or during this coming week, if you can possibly get hold of it at the bookstands, to get a little book and read it, a little book called "Try giving yourself away," by David Dunn, published by The Updegraff Press, Ltd., of Scarsdale, N. Y. Don't let next Sunday come without reading it. When the president of the Updegraff Company sent me a copy of this book and I took one glance at it, I started reading it and read it thru, without stopping. It was a most interesting experience to me. Who is David Dunn? He is just a businessman going up and down the country as an active, busy businessman. Life was not working out well for him and there was a great deal of uncertainty and unhappiness, and all this tragedy of the modern world. He was up against that. One night he was on the Twentieth Century Limited going from Chicago to New York and he retired. Before he dropped off to sleep he thought about being a passenger on that very famous train of the New York Central Lines "The Twentieth Century Limited" and that there was a "Limited" that left New York too just as there was one leaving

Chicago, and he said to himself, "I wonder where these 'Century' trains pass?"

The idea intrigued him: "Where the Centuries Pass?" So the morning after he arrived in New York he wrote to the New York Central Railroad and he said: "I have this little idea, it is yours, there is nothing involved at all, it is yours gladly—Where do the Centuries pass each other?" In a few days he received a very fine letter from an official of the New York Central Railroad who informed him that they passed each other eight miles west of Buffalo at Athol Springs, and there the "Centuries" pass. So the New York Central Railroad Company picked up the idea and it went around the world and David Dunn says that wherever he travels, not only in this country, but in Europe, in the Express Offices he sees that beautiful picture "Where the Centuries Pass."

A great picture: "Where the Centuries Pass"—a great powerful locomotive with great blinding headlights while the rear of the other "Century" is seen with the platform brilliantly lighted—one going to Chicago, the other to New York, passing in the night.

That started his hobby of giving himself away, and the little book is but a series of incidents about what happened to him when he found that hobby of giving himself away. So he wrote a little article for Forbes Magazine which you have probably read, or a shortened form of the same article in the Reader's Digest, but published anonymously. David Dunn's name was not attached to it, but very soon there started coming in to the Reader's Digest from all over the United States letters saying "Give us more articles like 'Try Giving Yourself Away'." Finally the Reader's Digest took it up with David Dunn, so he took the articles published anonymously to which he added later experiences and put them all in the little book which I am calling to your attention this morning: "Try Giving Yourself Away."

Obviously, none of us can start the practice until we can accurately determine what we can give. When you talk about giving, people talk about money. I am not talking about money, neither does David Dunn in his little book. Anybody who has money can give it away—I only wish that more people did, but anybody who has it can give it away, you don't have to go to church to hear a sermon about giving away money—anyone can do that if they have it. But what about giving away something else? What about giving something else? That's the book and that is the idea behind the sermon this morning on "Giving Away." What have I to give away? What have you? What can we do to build that inner glow which Dunn calls his collection of "Glows and afterglows"—the direct results of giving yourself away—what have I to give?

Let's just forget about money. I am not talking about that. Have I some time that I can give? I think so, and I think you have. The busiest people I know have a little residue of time that they can give. All right. Where shall we give this little residue of time? How long has it been since you took time to say to someone, to write a little note or a letter, and to express your gratitude and your appreciation for something they did for you at some time? You can give yourself away when you give a little time.

Mr. Dunn was going by a beautiful department store window one day. He was a very busy man. He looked at the artistry and beauty of it, he looked at it and said, "I must go in and compli-

ment the manager of that store," and so he went in and asked for the manager. It took time and he was giving it away. When the manager came he said to him, "I would like to compliment the window decorator of your windows. I am not interested in one article for display, I am not going to buy one thing, but I just wanted to take time to tell you that that is a beautiful display." The manager looked at him amazed and thanked him. He went out. Sometime later he received a letter from a young man who wrote "Because of your kindness in stopping to tell our manager that you liked my window display I have been advanced in my position and receive $20.00 a week increase in salary." He took time to give time away.

Another experience that I thought was very interesting. You know, you have all had those moments when sometimes you get up in the morning, I do, feeling a little ornery and the world is all out of joint, and people sort of irritate you, and you just start wrong and you sort of dread the coming of the day and you feel flustered and mixed up about it. Do you know what you should do immediately? Find something of yourself you can give away, and at the very first opportunity, before you ever get to your office or work, find somebody that you can congratulate for something. Say to them, "Why, that's a very lovely dress," or "an exquisite hat! Where do you get those clothes?" and before you know it the morning will begin to clear up, and when you start giving yourself away something happens to change the whole day and the whole mood.

One morning getting off the train in New York City from Boston, David Dunn went into the breakfastroom of the Grand Central Station. He was disgruntled, felt disagreeable, and sat down at a counter, at which sat a lot of people just as disgruntled. There was baggage all around the stools, couldn't get a Red-Cap, everything had gone wrong. He sat down there and said to himself, "Now's the time to make it work. I never felt more rotten in my life. Now, if I am to make my little hobby work of giving myself away, now is the time to do it." He sat there and looked at the man next to him; he was disgruntled, as was the man on the other side of him. Finally Dunn looked in front of him and there were the salt and pepper shakers, and he looked at them and then up and down the counter and he could not see any in front of anybody else. He put some salt and pepper on his eggs and then he said to the man next to him, "Would you like the salt and pass it along?" And the fellow said "Thank you," and put a little on and passed it along, and the first thing you know everybody was in conversation and everything cleared up and they had a good time together eating breakfast, and it started with a salt shaker. He was giving something away that did not cost him a penny.

In a little community there was a family that had been pretty much the social life of that community and yet the husband was disliked and considered a grouch because he would not let his wife go and do certain things that she wanted to do. Some friends were discussing the family and one member of the group was not saying one word. They were extolling the graciousness of the wife and criticizing the attitude of the husband. In time the family had moved away. Well one member of the group said to the silent one: "Apparently your acquiscence in silence means that you defend him for his attitude." Now, that was after they had gone, and that person replied: "I will tell you

something about them. You have criticized the husband and called him unkind, disinterested in his wife because he would not let her do this, that, and the other. Do you know that I happen to know authoritatively that she was a kleptomaniac, and that the reason he did not want her to come to social affairs that you women gave was because she could not resist going into the pocketbooks?" Two women looked at each other. "She had been caught shoplifting in this town and he had protected and shielded her. You have spoken because you did not know the truth about it," and they were stunned. Leaping into that explanation he gave some more of himself away and cleared up a false reputation of another.

Have you anything like that to give away sometime when you stand and fight for someone who is not there to fight for themselves, when you know they are being lied about and maligned? That is giving yourself away. All of which reminds me, up in Minnesota where I have spent many restful and recreative hours, we have a lot of Indians, and this very matter one day came up.

The Indians have an old proverb. I think it is good to close and send you home with, hoping you will find a chance this week to give yourself away, write the letter, say the word. Let Vishinsky make another speech or Molotov fume, and let the heavens fall, and it need not touch you and me if we have learned how to give ourselves away, we will face it, we will meet it triumphantly, nothing can happen to us, nothing, not a thing! Here is the old Indian maxim: When an old Indian was hearing a member of the Tribe ridiculed and discussed and criticized by one who turned to him and said, "Well, we have not heard you say anything, what do you think about it?" The old Indian replied, "I will have to wait until I have worn his moccasins two weeks."

Invite Your Friends to The Peoples Church

ANNUAL WATCH NIGHT SERVICE

DECEMBER 31, 1947

11 o'clock until midnight

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... Associate Editor
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

AS I stand at my little window of the world and look out upon this panorama of the present day, I am convinced that we are in the trouble we are, not because we have lacked education, but because too often we substituted knowledge for education. Man never knew as much as he knows now. He knows more about the universe of which he is a part, he knows more about his own body, he knows more facts than he has ever known, and there is more available knowledge for man than ever before. When this world started its smash-up, way back in 1914, the Universities of Germany were the finest in the world. No, it wasn't the lack of knowledge that caused the world tragedy.

We have talked romantically for a century and a half in America of the little red schoolhouse, and we have said, with justifiable pride, that any person who wants to get an education in America can do so. We have made our secondary education a matter of curriculum, of marks, credits, semesters, organizations. We have done a good job of imparting facts. That means knowledge, but it doesn't mean education in the highest and the best sense. Now we know that education isn't a matter of a classroom or a teacher or a subject, but education is a 24-hour process. It is something that is going on from the first breath we breathe until the last breath of life leaves our bodies. We are beginning to see now how it is all related and inter-related, woven and inter-woven, and that a child in a classroom has an inner sensitive consciousness which receives every impression; and everything the child hears, everything the child sees, everything which comes into the aura of the child's personality becomes a part of that child forever, and that the final personality which we achieve is merely the external form of all the impressions which have accumulated in our consciousness from the beginning until the present hour.

What a teacher *is* in a classroom is as important as anything the teacher teaches. We have thought that the mere knowing how to raise A plus B to the 10th power or conjugating the verb amo, or the knowledge that two parts hydrogen and one part oxygen is water—that knowing these things con-

stitutes education. Well, some of the most useless and ineffective people I have ever known have known the most about many things. By the usual standards they might be called educated. They are not. There are too many parents whose own equipment cannot back up what the child gets in a classroom. You cannot separate the home and the school in the educative process. Sometimes five minutes conversation at a pupil's own home table will undo what a teacher may have been trying to do with a child for five months. There are no frills in education. Music, art, drama, athletics, are as important as any subjects in a curriculum.

I heard an eminent criminologist say recently that he could go into any penitentiary in the United States, and if he were given the opportunity, could take any criminal, and if he could analyze every factor that entered into that person's life before the age of fifteen, he could put his finger on the contributing influence to a life of crime. The most critical moment in the life of your little daughter, is that moment when she realizes she is cute, pretty and attractive; and the most critical time in the life of your boy is when he begins to carry a comb. Yes, education is more than a classroom. The whole personality is involved. Not only the intellect, but the heart and the body.

There is no such thing as finishing in education. It is always incomplete. Remember what wise old Socrates said: "All things I thought I knew, but now confess the more I know, I know I know the less." That is the beginning of wisdom, and wisdom is the fine distillation which comes from education and knowledge. You cannot departmentalize this task any longer, and merely say the home is this, the school is this and the church is this; and that each has a circumscribed area in the life of a child. We have tried that long enough. The truly educated person is the integrated person; the person who has such command of their intellect, their heart, their body, that they can meet any given circumstance with victory. And any education which leaves out the cultivation and development of the spiritual values of life is defective.

Yes, it is not more knowledge we need, but more education; the education that enables a person to possess self-mastery, the mastery which comes from an open mind, a disciplined will, an effective body; and the modern, myriad-minded Shakespeare speaks a truth as new as this evening's newspaper when he says, "This above all: to thine own self be true, And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man."

BOOK CHATS

I CAN'T think of anything more important or valuable to every home in America than the new, 1947 "M Printing" of Britannica Junior, which has been expanded from 12 to 15 volumes. The new format uses color throughout and the vocabulary has been styled for easy comprehension by grade-school children. In the present broken condition of so many American homes — anything which will interest children, which will

broaden their outlook and their vision, which will help to give them occupations of interest and value is truly worth our consideration. And with Christmas beginning to enter into our thoughts—at least it necessarily enters the thoughts of those of us who have to plan ahead, and who does not nowadays—what more beautiful gift could one think of for a child. I happen to be giving this set to a child who is very close to my heart-strings.

These books have 381 maps in the Atlas volume, 80 of them in full color. The books contain 5,600 illustrations in all and the very large size of the illustrations, as well as the color, makes them especially interesting. One picture in which I was particularly interested, and I think you will be, too, was a series of illustrations of how plastics may be handled, of articles that may be made from them. Then there are two-color product maps of various countries, so that tiny pictures showing the place where a product is grown or made replace the overwhelming lists of statistics one generally reads about a country. There are two-color drawings used to illustrate a "Tennis" article, with a succession of figures and dotted lines showing how to hit a forehand and a backhand drive, and the correct form for overhand service. Then if your child should be interested in birds, a very complete illustration shows how nature has equipped each bird with a bill that is the proper tool for its needs; and also the type of foot, varied according to the habits of each bird, showing the "climbing irons" of the woodpecker and the spidery foot of the South American jacana that enables him to walk on floating lily pads.

The story of the building of the great pyramids of Egypt is told in photographs of models created by Norman Bel Geddes for publication in this new Britannica Junior. Of course the data used in the construction of these models were a combination of fact, probability and possibility, for no one knew how the Egyptians actually were able to build the pyramids. The great pyramid at Gizeh, west of Cairo, which was built some 5,000 years ago, required 5,750,000 tons of stone to build it, which makes it the heaviest stone structure in the world. When I first glanced at the illustrations of the building of the pyramids, I could imagine I was looking at a great panorama, for the pictures cover a vast territory and hundreds of workmen are shown at the work, this being possible, of course, because the models of which the picture is composed are small. It is impossible of course from a mere telling to give you any idea of the interest such pictures would create in a child's mind, but my first impression of one of them was that I was looking at a vast stadium, where football players were assembled, except that the great pyramid rose at the back, and there was the pyramid temple, at the east side, and the small pyramids and long flat tombs which were for the king's mother and others of noble blood. If you have ever had a question come up in the home which no one could answer authoritatively, then I know you have longed for an Encyclopaedia Britannica, and who has not had questions posed by a younger member of the family which you would give the world to answer in the best possible way. But better than answering it yourself, even when you know the best possible answer, is the value to your child of showing him the way to find out for himself. Better than handing out the information all carefully wrapped in a package, is to hold out the key to the door where he himself may find his own answer.

Of course I have loved books ever

since I can remember and I can hardly realize how great would have been my delight as a boy to have possessed such a set as these. There is a ready reference index of 550 pages all in one volume. Every article and illustration has been revised or reviewed, and hundreds are new. Then there is another feature especially helpful for children and which is not true of any encyclopaedia I have owned, but the subjects under one initial are in the same volume. This makes for great convenience for children. Probably the greatest feature of these books is the fact they are so designed that children can use them without adult supervision. That alone will give the child a great pride in the complete self-possession of the books—his books which he can use by himself to open the doors to all kinds of information he wants about the world in which he lives. There is a complete illustration of how a cut heels, and then I really did thrill when I looked at the illustration of a piece of type used by printers in hand composition, with the technical names for its parts, for of course you have heard me say quite often that I first learned to set type in the little printing office in my home town of Linden, Michigan. Now I can't resist saying that probably Dad and Mother as well as Sister and Brother will enjoy these books, and perhaps Sister and Brother will have to stand up for their rights to get their share of use of them once the whole family gets to looking them over. So very often parents write in and ask me how to interest their children in study. The only way I know is to make study interesting and certainly this 1947 Britannica Junior is a very big step in this direction.

* * *

Now I come to one of the most vital and important books I have talked about for a long time. Every one of us, no matter what our religion or our politics or our race, is concerned about this tragic situation in the sphere of marriage. No one can realize unless they are in my position, the problems that come up between married people. I get them every day from all quarters until I am not so sure but what it is one of the basic problems before us all. I am deeply concerned about the whole matter. I think all thoughtful people are. So I am bringing to your attention a book called "Marriage Is On Trial," written by Judge John A. Sbarbaro. I had lunch with the Judge recently and I haven't been able to get some of the things he said out of my mind since. I wanted to talk to him after I had read his great book; and it is a great book!

Judge Sbarbaro was born here in Chicago, of Italian-American parentage and was educated at DePaul University and Hamilton College of Law. Since 1925 he has been active in Chicago legal circles, and some of you may recall that in the early years of his career he received nation-wide fame when, as assistant prosecuting attorney, he obtained the confession which broke the celebrated Loeb-Leopold case. His long experience on the divorce bench of one of the largest courts in the world—Cook County, Illinois, has qualified him as an outstanding authority on divorce problems. Incidentally, Judge Sbarbaro is also well known as a sportsman, being the owner of the Chicago Stags, a professional basketball team, and President of two national basketball associations. His other interests are football, aviation, fishing and travel. He has made seven trips to Europe, and has traveled extensively in South America. This background is convincing for it indicates that what he has to say about marriage and divorce is not merely an academic

one, worked out in the cloister of a study, or even based upon the traditional ethics with which the world has long been familiar, but it comes out of actual experience.

One of the most significant questions of today is, How can marriage be made to last? And this book, "Marriage Is On Trial," published by Macmillan Company and available in every book store, has the answer. It is not a big book and the reader is not distracted by a lot of footnotes or quotations from authorities and all that sort of thing. It is easily read, in plain language—technical terms are not used; it is just a plain, good, commonsense presentation of this very important problem. The book is divided into four parts, headed first, "An Ounce of Caution." Part 2, "A Pound of Cure." Part 3, "Marriage and the Future." Part 4, "If You Must Get a Divorce." In each of these parts there are chapters with such titles as "Knowing Your Partner—and Yourself"; "The Problem Children"; "The Shadow of Divorce"; "Incompatibility"; "The Sex Factor"; "Finance"; "Drinking and Gambling"; "Boredom"; "Who Pays For Divorce?"; "As the Twig Is Bent"; "Enter: The State"; "The Role of the Church." Well, you can readily see by these chapters that the Judge comes to terms with realities and discusses the matter right on the spot where we live. It is not theoretical but practical. The introduction itself is one of the most valuable parts of the book: "When you enter a new business, buy a house or prepare to write your will, you call in a lawyer and discuss the matter thoroughly; yet if you are already married, it is likely that you signed the most important contract you will ever be called upon to make without seeking the advice of your doctor, your lawyer, your clergyman or any other specialist in human relations. You were willing to rely entirely upon your own instincts, even though you were well aware that the path of the millions who had gone before you was strewn with the wreckage of broken homes. It is little wonder that divorce has become one of America's top-ranking social problems." The Judge says "No thinking person can witness the endless stream of divorce-seekers which throngs our courts without reaching the conclusion that there is something definitely amiss in our social scheme. Since divorce is merely the end-result of a bad situation, we must face the fact that the trouble is to be found in marriage itself. In 1890 only six marriages in 100 ended in divorce. Today one out of every five marriages in the nation is ending in divorce." And the Judge says in Cook County, Illinois, "the location of the court over which I preside, one marriage in three is terminated in the courts. Even worse, if the present trend continues, by 1965 one out of two marriages contracted in the United States will be doomed to failure. To be exact, sociologists predict that by 1965, not less than 51 percent will end in divorce.

One of the saddest aspects of this appalling situation is the insecure, unhappy future of the children of these broken marriages. From these ranks is coming a staggering percentage of our juvenile delinquents, and it follows that, as the divorce rate increases, the percentage will increase proportionately. No thinking person who values his own home, or the home of his children or children-to-be, can read the figures without anxiety. And if your own marriage happens to be a happy one, do not feel that you have no part in this dilemma.

While it may be true that divorce presents no threat to you, if you have children, it is almost inevitable that

they may be affected by it in the not too distant future. Only by squarely facing the situation now can we hope to help them avert the possibility of the heartbreak and tragedy of a broken home. Whatever the reason for the divorce rise, whatever its consequences, it is evident that the only way in which it can be halted is by making marriage itself more desirable than many people find it today." These words, says the Judge, contain his purpose in writing the book. "Do not misunderstand me," he says, "it is not my aim to prolong hopelessly unhappy marriages; rather I desire to give assistance to those which are not beyond hope of repair; to perhaps give valid reasons, of which happiness is only a part, for their continued existence," and he indicates his own realistic understanding when he says, "I have kept in mind the fact that every marital problem is basically a matter which concerns one man and one woman. Our hope for the stabilization of the American family lies in teaching our young people how to choose their mates so effectively that they will truly become life partners"; and "for that reason," the Judge says, he has devoted the first part of this book to the problems of those who are as yet unmarried, but are looking forward to marriage. Judge Sbarbaro stands for something in this book which I have long believed: that there should be a unified general law throughout the entire nation which would abolish the present conditions in State laws, and approach the problem much more scientifically and effectively. And so the whole problem from sexual adjustment to troublesome in-laws, from budgeting to infidelity, is covered in this book, "Marriage Is On Trial." P.B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

FIFTEEN years ago I wrote a Christmas story which we published in The Liberalist. I have recently been receiving requests to reprint some of my stories, this one in particular, so here it is, hoping you may enjoy it, and wishing you all a lovely Yuletide. May there be some happy surprise for each one of you, that will bring gladness to your heart, and assurance that the Star still shines!

MARY'S STORY LADY

By Grace Thayer Bradley

"And There Was No Room at the Inn"

"There ain't no use talking about it any longer—she's got to go. We've kept that child nearly four years an' it's been four too much, I'll say, with you making less all the time, till you lost your job in the end an' living on our savings ain't goin' to last much longer. Every mouth to feed is one extra these days!" Myra Lindbloom closed her thin lips tightly, drew in her chin, folded her arms and settled back in her chair; her steel blue eyes narrowing as she looked across the kitchen table at her husband.

Hank Lindbloom, with his arms resting on the table, had been breaking

matches into small bits and dropping them into his unfinished coffee. His eyebrows raised as was his habit, making deep furrows across his high forehead. It seemed as though every meal lately had been finished off with one of these tirades of Myra's, either regarding their diminishing savings, how many months and exact number of weeks he hadn't worked, or sharp remarks about Mary, his sister's child he had brought home to be one of his family when his sister died four years ago.

Myra was speaking again: "Would you take food from your own children's mouths to feed a stranger? I guess you would—but I tell you that young-un will have to go to the Home, where she should have been taken in the first place. There never has been room for her here!" "Well, tomorrow's Christmas—and anyway I don't see why you call Mary a stranger—she's my sister's kid—and she don't eat much—and—you wouldn't send her away till after Christmas — Ma — would you—when you got that big Christmas basket of things from that Church?" Hank asked hesitatingly, with a side glance at the closet where he was sure his wife had put the basket. Myra jumped up, almost upsetting her chair, and began clearing the table of dishes, almost throwing them into the sink. Oh! if only Hank hadn't been on the stairs when that Church basket was delivered, she had hoped he hadn't seen it brought to their door. "I suppose—she—can—stay over tomorrow—but there ain't no toys or clothes for her in that basket. Mind what I say Hank Lindbloom. And you take her away day after tomorrow or—I—will!" The last words shot like shells from a cannon, just as a cup and two plates slipped from her hand and broke to bits on the floor. Hank arose, picked up his hat and coat and hastily went out the back door.

Amid the crash of smashing dishes and the ejaculations of Myra which followed, altho' there was no one in the kitchen to hear her remarks, the suppressed sob and light foot steps of tiny feet going out the front door passed unnoticed.

Six-year-old Mary from the next room had heard her uncle and his wife's discussion.

Her baby heart had felt the scalding hurt of not being wanted—there—was —no room—for her.

She had been looking over with pride the pretty things she had made at school and brought home that morning. An iron-holder worked with worsted for "Aunt Myra," a match box for Uncle Hank, a jolly red Santa Claus for Lizzie, and a Christmas bell for Anna—Anna had taken away her mittens that morning—but anyway she'd give her the pretty bell to hang in the window. These gifts that she was to present as a surprise to the household Christmas morning Mary left on the bed where she had been looking at them when she heard her aunt's sharp words. Her little breast heaving with sobs she was trying to choke down, she walked out the door putting on her coat and red cap as she went down stairs. Reaching the street she brushed away the hot tears with her coat sleeve, and drawing her bare little hands up as far as she could into her sleeves, Mary hurried around the corner to the broad street at the next block where her special friend, big Tim the policeman, would take her across the car tracks and through the traffic on the busy thorofare, to the other side where two streets running diagonally met in a "flatiron"; up one of these streets was the school, this Mary knew, but the other she had never investigated, having daily obeyed her policeman friend, to "run right home like a good little girl!"

She was going to depend on Tim's

friendship now. She would ask him the direction to the Park! There was no time to fear his refusal—here they were across the broad street; Mary clung to his hand and looking up into his face put the important question. "The Park?" said Tim. "Why honey, it's around that next corner there." Mary's head went dizzy with surprise—the Park only around that corner? She thought she had moved a long, long way when her uncle had taken his family early in the fall from their former home to the place they now lived, and Mary had started to school for the first time. "But you're too little to go skating Mary—you better run home," Tim was saying. "Oh,—I'm not going skating,—I'm going to see my Story Lady." Mary's face was beaming with her winsome smile. "Your Story Lady? I suppose you mean your teacher—bless your little face—of course she's a givin' a Christmas party—well scoot now! Be good!" And big Tim turned his attention to the traffic, while Mary ran —jumped—hopped—"scooted" around the next corner to the Park.

Just to think her beloved Story Lady who lived at the end of the Park was really not far away after all; and all these weeks she had not seen her because little Mary like all children had no idea of distance, and the unfamiliar neighborhood had seemed miles from her old home. They had moved one night after dark—and there was no way of letting the Story Lady know. But every night Mary had said the prayer the Lovely Lady had taught her, adding at the close—"dear God please bless my Lovely Lady—and help to find her again." How many things the Lady had taught her—the prayer, and her A B C's, and to spell some words, and how to trim her finger nails with the little scissors she gave Mary, and—"Hearts like doors, open with ease, to very very little keys! Don't forget that two of these are—'I thank you!' and 'If you please!'" Mary and the other children had learned those lines—and how to apply them too—when they spent Saturday morning at the Ladies' house, and she told them stories and they had bread and butter and applesauce and cocoa before they went home.

Mary trudged through the snow in the park; she did not realize that she had entered at one end of the long park and the large apartment house where the Story Lady lived was at the other extreme end. It was all just park to Mary.

Her little feet and legs were becoming very heavy, and the northeast wind was beginning to blow the snow in great swirls that nearly took her breath, and blew her down several times.

Great clouds of snow came curling and whirling across an open space—oh! how the icy particles stung her cheeks —how her fingers ached—she couldn't see—but she must go on—to—the Lovely Lady—how warm it would be there—and—and—down she went in a drift! Someone lifted her up and was saying "Well—that was quite a flip-flop, wasn't it, you little snowbird?" A man was kneeling beside her, wiping her face gently with a soft handkerchief, and brushing the snow from her coat with his fur glove. When Mary could open her eyes she looked right into the man's eyes on a level with hers, —such kind eyes—like the Story Lady —but this was a man! He was asking: "Are you all right? You Christmas child, coming along in a snow cloud, with your little red cap,—there now!" replacing the bright red cap on her head of golden ringlets. Mary looked into his face and smiled—that incomparable smile, holding him a full moment in its spell—then he smiled too,—and stood up, brushing the snow from his knees. Stooping to pick up his glove—he exclaimed excitedly—"why! look at this!

Where you fell you uncovered the Christmas rose! I've been picking around here in the snow for an hour trying to find it! Every year I think I know right where it is—but I always have to search! Bless you baby—I believe you are a fairy—or an angel perhaps—uncovering the Christmas rose!"

Kneeling again in the snow, looking at the two roses, waxen white, their petals pink-tipped, his thought flashed back to the time when his young wife and he had come upon the rose by accident. So great had been her delight that each Christmas while she lived he had searched and found this beautiful rose, presenting it with due ceremony, and she had called it her "priceless gift." Not once in these ten years since he had been alone had he failed to find this rare, waxen rose, on the day before Christmas, and taking it to his office in the big hospital, placed it in a slender silver vase on his desk. Probably no one in this great city knew of the lovely thing growing beneath the snow, blooming for Christmas,—no one but the gardner who planted it there—the gardner and this Doctor whose eyes expressed infinite tenderness and sympathy to the woman in travail,—whose smile could win and comfort children in pain,—whose hand, firm but gentle, gave courage to the man whose suffering was nearing the end,—and whose presence cheered the aged.

Taking out a pocket knife he cut the two roses and put one in Mary's hand. "This must have bloomed for you—I have never found but one here before."

Mary stood silently looking at the rose; she had never had such a beautiful thing in her life.

"Where are you going Christmas child? I can't leave you here in the snow!" Slowly Mary turned her face, up to his, and smiling again replied, "I'm going to the Story Lady at the end of the Park,—and I have the rose to give her!" "Oh—your teacher I suppose,—well come jump in my car over there, and I will drop you off at the end of the park." Forgetting her heavy little feet—her weary little legs—her numb little hands—Mary went with the Doctor, each carrying a Christmas Rose.

Rose Clark accepted with alacrity the Sunday School Superintendent's invitation to jump into his car and let them take her home; his cheery wife laughing and saying: "Always room for one more in this chariot of the Lord,—tuck you in somehow my dear!"—to which her husband added: "It may take us some time to get there, rough going through the snow drifts, but it'll be a heapsite easier than walking tonight!"

The Sunday School Christmas party had been a great success, beginning at five o'clock that afternoon. The tree seemed more gorgeous than ever,—the primary classes gowned in white choir robes had sung their songs better than any had dared hope for; Santa Claus galloping in from the kitchen, jingling a string of sleigh bells, carrying the proverbial pack on his back filled with toys for the youngest children and boxes of candy for the older ones, was screamingly funny, with his jollity—and his rented "Santa" suit four sizes too large. But the little ones approached him with awe, seeing nothing wrong with his baggy suit or his beard and flowing locks of cotton batton.

That evening's entertainment would be long remembered—not for the sparkling tree—nor for the witty Santa Claus—nor for the music, but the last half of the program had brought the real spirit of Christmas into the hearts of young and old, when the tableaux arranged by Rose Clark illustrated the "First Christmas," with Rose herself telling the story in her rich voice—the voice that had been likened to the soft tones of a cello,—as she stood in front

of the velvet drop curtain, dressed in a simple white gown, a long purple cape of soft wool stuff draping her slight form, a scarf of light orchid chiffon wound about her head and shoulders in graceful folds.

When they were going home the minister's wife said to her husband: "Oh, why couldn't the old masters have had such a model for their madonnas? There is not one in all the Louvre that can compare with Rose as she looked tonight!"

Jumping out of the Superintendent's car Rose gathered her draperies about her and skipped lightly through the snow to the entrance of the building where she lived on the first floor.

All the way home her thoughts had turned again to the child she had become so fond of. The beautiful doll she won at the Bazaar she had put away for Mary, always hoping that on the next Saturday she would surely come back with the other children. Of late it was becoming almost an obsession, as she peered into the face of every little girl she met on the street or in the Park, hoping to see Mary smile up at her. How strange she had been unable to find her in all this time since September —and tonight was Christmas Eve.

The wind had subsided, the snow ceased falling. Snow drifts, roofs, trees, were brilliantly white in the moonlight. With her hand on the knob, about to push open the door Rose stopped—her head lifted—listening. There was a strain of music—soft like a sigh—remote like the wind in the tree tops—now near—now far—then voices singing in exquisite harmony like a chord played on an organ—"Silent Night!—Holy Night!—All is calm, all is bright! Round yon Virgin Mother and child, Holy Infant, so tender and mild, Sleep in heavenly peace, Sleep in heavenly peace!" Rose held her breath in her tenseness to catch the last note as it seemed to float away in the distance. Half turning around she questioned: "Where could that have come from?—What church is near enough to possibly —Why—what—is this!" suddenly exclaiming aloud as her gaze was attracted to a corner of the entrance which had been in shadow. The moon riding high in a cold sapphire sky had at this moment filtered its silvery light through the bare trees—and shone full upon a small huddled-up figure partly covered with snow, on the doorstep. "Mary! why—darling—." Rose was saying, alarm mixed with excitement, as she gathered up the sleeping child in her arms.

Someone was coming out—the door opened—and a tall man stood in the entrance, his hand still on the door knob; it was only a few seconds but he would remember as long as he lived the scene—more beautiful than any painting, which held him immobile as he beheld in the circle of moonlight—a slight woman in long purple drapery, a child in her arms, her head bent close to the little one's, looking intently into the upturned face—both of them white as alabaster in the light of the winter moon.

In a moment he reached her side saying: "Let me carry her for you—" in the kindest voice possible, but with a quality accustomed to being obeyed. "Yes—please do." Rose gave Mary into his arms and hurriedly opened the doors with her key, switching on the lights as she led the way into the living room.

Mary was laid on the couch. Rose sank to her knees beside her, saying anxiously—"Oh I am afraid she is frozen,—how else could she be—goodness knows how long she has been on that doorstep! Please telephone for a doctor—quickly!" She was kissing Mary's cheek and caressing the curls clustered on the fair brow, the little red

cap had fallen to the floor.

"I am a physician—Dr. Craig of the Belleview hospital. I was calling upon your neighbor Mrs. Wilson on the third floor, where a fine seven-pound boy arrived this evening. Please allow me—." Rose looked up at him quickly, "Why of course," she said "I should have known—although I've only met you once, I have seen you many times! I am Rose Clark!" The Doctor had removed his overcoat and was hastily taking off Mary's shoes and stockings. "We will remove her cold clothes and wrap her in a blanket—please Miss Clark. She is not frozen, but—of course there is danger from exposure. See here—by Jove, is it possible—this is the Christmas rose? Why this is my little friend!" "Then—do you know Mary?" questioned Rose in surprise. He was holding Mary's little hand in his trying to disengage her fingers from the rose stem she held so tightly, the rose, waxen white, the petals pink tipped, as fresh as though it had just been picked. "I should say I do! This dear child was brought to my feet in a cloud of snow swirling through the park this afternoon. I brought her to the corner in my car—she said she was coming to see her Story Lady, and was bringing her this Christmas rose."

To their amazement at this moment Mary's eyes opened very wide, and looking into the lovely face bending over her, she said very softly. "I found you, didn't I? And I can stay always—'cause—her lips quivering—Aunt Myra said there isn't room for me—any longer, an' I must go—to the Home—" "Darling, whispered Rose, a break in her voice? "don't worry about anything tonight. You shall stay with your Story Lady—always—if I can arrange it with your uncle;—and now I am going to get you some warm cocoa." Rose tossed her cape onto a chair, not having thought of it before, and went to the kitchen. The doctor coughed huskily as he turned to get the stethoscope from his satchel.

Two hours later as he drew on his fur coat he noticed in the sun parlor a Christmas tree with many packages heaped under it. A deep sense of loneliness welled in his heart. Turning to Rose he said: "I see you are ready for Santa Claus,—have you a family?" "Oh no,—I am alone,—but the children that usually spend Saturday mornings with me, are coming tomorrow afternoon for a little party—how glad they will be to see Mary, for they all love her. And Doctor "—walking to the door with him—"I would be glad if you dropped in tomorrow just to be certain Mary is as perfectly well as you pronounce her tonight,—you will come?" She questioned anxiously looking up into his face—something she read there made her lower her eyes. "Thank you for asking me,—I intended—to—come," he replied taking her hand for a brief moment, and was gone. Rose did not realize she stood for several minutes smiling at the closed door!

* * *

Dr. Craig sat in a deep chair at one side of the fireplace Christmas afternoon drinking in the exquisite beauty of the picture opposite him. A floor lamp back of Rose's low chair cast an amber glow over her, burnishing the glint in her auburn hair, and touching up the high lights in her gold-colored gown.

The children—ten of them—sat on the floor, each with a huge ball of popcorn. The logs in the fireplace crackled and blazed cheerily, sending star-like sparks up the chimney. Tall red candles burned on the high mantel shelf. The doctor had taken little note of the story being told, so intent had he been in watching the children's faces as they munched their popcorn balls. A great deal of the time his eyes rested on the

Story Lady,—her graceful hands—and the contour of her head—the curve of her lips as she talked, the tiny dimple in her cheek. Little Mary standing beside her was asking almost inaudibly: "Did you say there was no—room—at the Inn—for the Little Lord Jesus?" Without replying Rose placed a loving arm around the little girl and drew her closer to her. The story continued and the Doctor became interested. The little shepherd maiden had watched the Wise Men go in with presents for the Christ Child, but she had no gift to bring Him, for she was very poor. She longed so to see the wonderful Babe in the manger, and she had searched all day for even a little flower that she might offer as a gift, but she could find neither leaf nor blossom, for the winter was very cold. And so the shepherd maiden stood outside the door weeping and an Angel came and stood beside her, knowing why she wept. Then the Angel stooped and brushed away the snow from her feet, and there instantly sprang up the most beautiful waxen white roses, with dainty pink-tipped petals, like the pink of sunrise kissing a cloud.

The little girl looked up in joy, but before she could say a word, the Angel spoke: "Gold and Myrrh and frankincense are not better to give to the Christ Child than these pure roses, and they shall evermore be called Christmas roses." Then the Angel disappeared. Joyfully the little shepherd maiden gathered the roses and took them in quietly and placed them beside the Babe in the manger. And the Mother of the Babe pressed a kiss on her forehead, and the little maiden was exceedingly happy.

The room was very quiet as the story was finished. Rose whispered to Mary, and the little girl ran on her toes, swiftly, noiselessly, to the next room and brought back a silver vase holding a waxen white rose. The Story Lady told the children it was a Christmas rose.

While the children clustered around Mary, each wanting to look at the beautiful flower, the Doctor leaned toward Rose and said earnestly "Lovely Lady—your story was beautiful—but —I would like to tell you the story of a very lonely wayfarer who was led by a little child to find not only a Christmas rose—but something of infinitely greater beauty and joy,—the spirit of the Rose! May I tell you the story—sometime—soon?" Rose, looking into his eyes, saw there all the sympathy, tenderness, understanding,—that had endeared him to children—men—aged —all to whom he administered—and she saw more than any patient had ever seen! And she felt that she had known him always!—Impulsively Rose held out her hand to him not realizing that she did so, saying: "Yes—tell me the story—very soon."—The Doctor pressed a kiss on her slender fingers and said in a low tone, reaching only her ear,—"The story of Mary's Lovely Lady—and my Christmas—Rose!"

PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

Lawrence at Sheridan

36th Season

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD) 11:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (Not Broadcast) 2,000 seats available 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION, Anderson Hall... 9:30 a.m.

Annual Christmas Party—Christmas Play—Visit From Santa Claus, Friday, December 19th—Gifts for All..... 7:30 p.m.

CHOIR REHEARSAL, Walter Flandorf, Organist and Director, every Friday (Auditions 7:30 p.m.) Church Auditorium..... 8:00 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB (Meeting in Anderson Hall) Monday, December 1st, Annual Donation Tea, Mrs. Preston Bradley, Chairman and Hostess. Guest artists include J. Bradley-Griffin, Director The Uptown Players and Dramatic Recitalist and Reynold Leiva, Concert Violinist and other artists. Mrs. Walter A. Stehle, Social Chairman..... 1:00 p.m.

Monday, December 15th, Christmas Party, Mrs. George P. Hettinger, Chairman, Mrs. James Coughlin, assisting. Program of Christmas Carols; Children's Civic Chorus, Marx Oberndorfer, Director. Mrs. Jacob J. Tolk, Hostess..... 1:00 p.m.

PROFESSIONAL & BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB (Meeting in Anderson Hall) Tuesday, December 16th. J. Bradley-Griffin, Director of the Uptown Players and Dramatic Recitalist, will present "An Intimate Evening From My Scrapbook of Memories." Open Meeting. Public Welcome. Refreshments. Guest fee..... 8:00 p.m.

MEN'S CLUB. Meets in Anderson Hall, fourth Monday of each month. Mr. L. E. McCloy, President; Harold Hansen, Sec..... 8:00 p.m.

USHER'S CLUB—Meets first Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall 8:00 p.m.

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY, MARY BARTELME CLUB—Meets with Professional and Business Woman's Club, Dec. 16th.. 8:00 p.m.

PARENT-TEACHERS FORUM of the Church School, George Young, Secretary. Second Monday of each month. Dec. 8th..... 8:00 p.m.

CHANNING CLUB—Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays of each month, Anderson Hall. Joan Pink, Corr. Sec., 4608 Hazel Av. Ard. 1482..... 8:00 p.m.

GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 187—Meets every Thursday evening, Anderson Hall, Betty Boaz, Leader, 7637 N. Greenview Av. (26) Rog. 5742 7:30 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. Studios, 1149 N. LaSalle St., 'Phone Mic. 7766. Plays presented in Eleventh Street Theatre, 62 E. Eleventh St. For complete schedule see page 23.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Sunday morning, direct from Church Auditorium 11:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.
WGN—Monday through Friday..... 6:00 p.m.

UPTOWN PLAYERS

1149 N. LaSalle St.
Michigan 7766

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

December Production

"THE HASTY HEART"
by John Patrick
directed by
J. BRADLEY-GRIFFIN

Saturday, December 6 — Thursday, December 18
Thursday, December 11 — Saturday, December 20

Eleventh St. Theatre
62 E. 11th St.

Curtain 8:30

* * *

DRAMA TEA
Two one act plays
"THE DUST OF THE ROAD"
directed by J. BRADLEY-GRIFFIN
"MINUET"
directed by BETTY CARTER

Sunday, December 7
Anderson Hall, 4 p.m.

* * *

"CATCHING UP WITH CHRISTMAS"
under the direction of Roberta Slagle, given by the children's and junior's classes of The Uptown Players

Sunday—December 14th—3:00 p.m.
Anderson Hall—The Public is Welcome

* * *

Candlelight Service
"THE ALIEN STAR"
directed by J. BRADLEY-GRIFFIN

CHARACTERS

Balthazar, Caspar, Melchior, Mirak — Wise Men of the East:
- ....Robert Cloutier
- .....Ralph Tate
- .....John Salling
- ...J. Bradley-Griffin

Kerman, a lame servant-boy...William Sargent
Joseph, a carptenter.....Duane Thorsen
Mary, his wife.....Glena Tate
A Woman at the Inn.....Mary Clarke
An Angel of the Lord.....Betty Carter

Time: The year of Christ's birth.
Scene One: A balcony, at night, shortly before the birth of Christ.
Scene Two: A stable in Bethlehem.
Scene Three: The outer room of an inn, soon after the birth of Christ.

Sunday, December 21—Monday, December 22
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